

## NOCTURNE.

On a low note quivers on the air  
And dies with a languorous pain,  
In a rippling rush of melody  
Like the fall of autumn rain.  
That lightly stirs the rascal leaves to  
dream of spring again.

And all the music of the woods  
Laughs out in mad delight  
Under the bidding of your bow  
Till from its rapturous height  
The long linked sweetness dies away in  
to the listening night.

And as each silver cadence steals  
Forth from the throbbing strings,  
To me from out your violin  
A prisoned dream sings  
Of fairy isle and haunted shrine and long  
forgotten things;

When through the dim gray olive grove  
The high gods walked among  
The sons of men and toward the reef  
The charmed ship slowly swung,  
As the strains called o'er the sunny sea  
when this gray world was young.

But while I dream your fingers glide  
Into a simpler strain,  
And from the far Cicerone isle  
My fancy turns again  
Back to the rock strewn upland moor, the  
hawthorn scented lane.

I hear the bee's drone in the thyme,  
The lark's song high in air,  
I see the shadows on the fern,  
The sunlight on your hair,  
And for a moment's space forget life's  
undernote of care.  
—R. F. Davis in London Spectator.

## KRAMBAMBULI.

There may be a feeling of fondness in a man's heart for various things, but love, true love, love which endures, comes to him but once. This at least was the opinion of District Ranger Hopp. It would be no easy matter to count the dogs he had been fond of, but there was only one that he loved and will never forget, and that was Krambambuli. It was in the Lion's inn at Wishau that he bought or rather bartered for him with a forester's assistant, who was then out of a place. At the first sight of the dog he felt that affection for him which was destined to endure until his last breath. The owner of this fine creature, who sat at a table with an emptied brandy glass before him, and scolding the host because he would not give him another drink for nothing, looked the vagabond that he was. He was short, still young, and yet as sallow as a dead tree, with yellow hair and a scanty yellow beard. His huntsman's coat, probably a survivor of his last service, bore traces of a night spent in a wet gutter. Although Hopp had no liking for low society, he took a seat near the young man and at once started a conversation with him. He soon found out that the good for nothing had pawned his carbine and gamebag to the inn-keeper and wanted now to do the same with his dog, but the host, dirty extortioner that he was, would not hear of a pledge that needed feeding.

At first not a word did Herr Hopp say of his liking for the dog, but he ordered a bottle of the fine Dantzic cherry brandy for which the Lion inn was famous, and, pouring out a glass of it, offered it to the ci-devant forester's assistant. Within an hour the matter was settled, the hunter gave 12 bottles of the same beverage over which the transaction was concluded, and the vagabond gave the dog—to do him justice it must be acknowledged, not easily. His hands shook so while he tied the string around the animal's neck that it seemed as if he would never get through. Hopp waited in patience, silently admiring the wonderful dog. At the most he was not over 2 years old, and resembled in his coloring the rascal who now parted from him, only that he was several shades darker. His forehead was marked with a white streak which made a curve to the right and left like the needles on a pine twig. His eyes were large, black and brilliant, surrounded by light yellow rings, clear as dew, the ears long and faultless. And faultless was everything about the dog, from his nails to his sharp little nose.

"What's his name?"  
"His name is the same as that with which you bought him—Krambambuli" (cherry brandy), was the answer.

"Good! Come, Krambambuli, be off—forward, march!"

He might have called, whistled and pulled at him forever, the dog would not obey him, but kept turning his head toward him he still deemed his master. Then, when the latter yelled to him, "Go on!" accompanying the order with a vigorous kick, he howled, but still tried to crawl nearer to him. It was only after a hard struggle that Herr Hopp succeeded in getting possession of the dog, and at last he was bound, gagged and carried on Herr Hopp's shoulders in a bag to his house, a journey of several hours.

It took two entire months before Krambambuli, beaten half to death and tied up with a spiked collar after every attempt at flight, realized where he belonged. But what a dog he became when his subjugation was completed! No tongue can tell, no words describe the height which he attained, not only in the walks of his profession, but in his daily life as well, as a zealous servant, good comrade, true friend and protector. It has been said of other clever dogs that they lack nothing but speech, but Krambambuli did lack even this. His master at least held long conversations with him. The ranger's wife became really jealous of Bubi, as she contemptuously dubbed him.

Thus two years went by, when one day the countess, the wife of his employer, appeared in the hunter's lodge. He understood at once the meaning of the visit, and when the beautiful woman began, "Tomorrow, dear Hopp, is the count's birthday," he continued with a quiet smile—"and your ladyship wants to make the count a present, and feels convinced that nothing could be more suitable than Krambambuli."

"Yes, yes, dear Hopp," and the countess blushed with delight at the kindness and quickness of his response, and began to speak of gratitude and to beg him to settle the price at once for which he would be willing to part with the dog. The old fox of a ranger tittered.

"Your ladyship, if the dog stays in the castle and does not gnaw every rope and break every chain, or if he does not break them, does not choke himself in the attempt, then you may have him for nothing—he is worthless to me."

The test was made, but it did not get as far as choking, for before then the count lost all interest in the obstinate little beast. In vain they tried to win him, first by kindness, later by severity. He bit every one who came near him, refused his food, and, as a hunting dog has not much flesh to lose, soon became very thin. After a few weeks Hopp got word that he might come for his "cur." When, making use of his permission without delay, he sought the dog in his kennel, there was a most joyful meeting. Krambambuli lifted up his voice with an unearthly howl, jumped on his master, and, resting his paws on his breast, licked the tears of joy which ran down the old man's cheeks.

At this time a gang of poachers carried on their operations in a bold manner not only in the count's forests, but among the entire neighborhood. Their leader was said to be a disreputable fellow, called the "Yellow One" by the woodcutters, who sometimes found him drinking brandy in saloons of evil repute, and by the keepers, who now and then came upon his tracks, but who could never catch him, and also by the spies, some of whom are to be found in every village.

He was of a surety the boldest fellow who ever gave trouble to honest hunters, and must have been himself of their trade or he would never have been able to track the game with such success, nor have avoided so skillfully every trap laid to catch him. The loss in wood and game became so serious that all the foresters were much excited. This was the reason that those who were discovered in some insignificant infringement of the forest laws suffered a much harsher punishment than would have been the case at any other time and which was out of proportion to the offense. This caused much indignation in the entire neighborhood, and the head forester, who was the first to feel this dissatisfaction, received a number of well meant warnings. It was said that the poachers had sworn to take exemplary vengeance on him at the first opportunity. He was an active, brave man, and, throwing all caution to the winds, he let it be well known that he had recommended the utmost severity and that he would be responsible in case of any evil consequences. The district ranger, Hopp, received orders oftener than the others to keep a sharp lookout, and occasionally he was reproached with a lack of zeal, at which, however, the old man only laughed, while Krambambuli on such occasions returned the notice which was condescendingly shown him with a loud and disdainful yawn. His master and he were not to be vexed by anything from the head forester.

One fine morning he met the head forester as he was assisting to evict some trespassers. It was in the linden woods, at the end of the lordly park which bordered on the count's forest, and near the nurseries which the head forester would have liked to surround with powder mines. The lindens were in full bloom, and a dozen small boys were busy among them. They crawled out on the boughs of the magnificent trees, breaking off all the twigs within reach, and throwing them to the ground. Two women were hurriedly picking them up and stuffing them into baskets already more than half full of their fragrant booty. The head forester was raging about in a furious anger. He made his keepers shake the boys out of the trees, careless of the height from which they fell. While they crawled at his feet, whining and crying, one with a bruised face, the other with a sprained arm, and the third with a broken leg, he was beating the two women with his own hands. With a shudder, Hopp recognized one of these as the wanton girl whom rumor pointed out as the sweetheart of the "Yellow One," and when the women's baskets and shawls and the boys' hats were confiscated and Hopp was ordered to take them to the justice, he could not repress a presentiment of evil.

The order which the head forester then called out to him, raging like a devil in hell and like one surrounded by weeping, tormented sinners, was the last which the district ranger ever received from him. A week later he came across him once more in the linden wood—dead. Judging from the condition of the body, it must have been dragged there through marshes and over stones in order to leave it at the very spot. The head forester lay on a bier of cut branches, his head bound with a thick wreath of linden blossoms and another, like a scarf, around his breast. His hat lay beside him, filled with linden blossoms. The murderer had also left him his game bag, first having taken out the cartridges and filled it with the blossoms. His fine breechloader was gone, and in its place was a miserable old blunderbuss. When later they found in the murdered man's chest the bullet that was the cause of his death it fitted exactly in the muzzle of the old gun that had been placed on his shoulder in mockery. At the sight of the disfigured corpse Hopp stood motionless with horror. He could not raise a finger, and his brain seemed paralyzed, so that at first he could not think, and it was only after some time that he observed to himself:

"What is the matter with the dog?"  
Krambambuli was sniffing at the dead man and running about him like mad, his nose to the ground. He whined, gave a cry of joy and ran on a step or two, acting altogether like one in whom a long forgotten memory were awakening.

"To heel!" cried Hopp, "to heel!" and Krambambuli obeyed, but gave his master a look full of wonder, and as the huntsman expressed it, said to him:

"For goodness' sake, don't you see anything? Don't you smell anything? Oh, dear master, do just look, just smell; come, master, come this way!" Then he rubbed his nose on the hunter's knee and then crept away to the corpse, glancing back all the while, as if he would say, "Won't you follow me?" and began to msh and nll the heavy

gun and to take it in his mouth with the intention of fetching it to him.

A cold shudder ran down the hunter's back and all sorts of ideas began to glimmer in his brain. But as speculating on the event was not his affair, nor to clear up matters for the magistrate, but to leave the horrible find untouched and to go on his way, which now led him direct to court, he did no more than his duty required of him.

After he had done this and all the formalities that the law requires in such catastrophes were complied with, which proceedings occupied all the entire day and part of the night, Hopp called his dog to his side before he went to bed and said:

"My doggie, the police are now up and about, and there will be no end of goings on. Shall we leave it to others to rid the world of the scoundrel who shot our head forester? My doggie knows the vile rascal, knows him—yes, yes, but nobody else knows it. I didn't mention the fact, ha, ha! I bring my dog into this muddle—I'm not thinking of it." He bent down over Krambambuli, who sat between his outspread legs, and pressed his cheek to the dog's head, receiving in return his grateful caresses, and all the time he hummed softly, "What is my Krambambuli doing?" until sleep overcame him.

Psychologists have tried to explain the mysterious attraction which draws so many criminals back to the scene of their crime. Hopp knew nothing of such scientific matters, but nevertheless he, with his dog, scoured restlessly the vicinity of the linden wood. On the tenth day after the death of the head forester he had been able for the first time since then to turn his thoughts to something beside his revenge and was baying himself in the count's woods with marking the trees which were to be cut at the next felling.

When this work was finished, he slung his rifle over his shoulder and took the shortest way straight through the forest to the nurseries near the linden wood. Just as he was entering the path that ran along the beech hedge it seemed to him that he heard something rustle in the leaves, but then followed quiet, unbroken stillness. He would almost have believed that it had been nothing of any importance if the dog had not stared in the bushes in such a curious fashion. He stood with his hair bristling, his neck extended, his tail straight and glared at a portion of the hedge. "Ho, ho!" thought Hopp, "wait, you rascal, if that's who it is," and stepping behind a tree he cocked his rifle. His heart beat violently, his breath, already short, almost left him when he saw the "Yellow One" step suddenly out into the path. Two young hares hung out of his game bag, and over his shoulder, suspended by the well known Russian leather strap, he bore the head forester's breechloader. What a delight it would have been to shoot down the scoundrel from his safe ambush!

But Hopp would not shoot at the meanest villain without first giving him warning. At one bound he sprang from behind the tree on to the path and called:

"Surrender, limb of Satan!" and when for answer the poacher tore his breechloader from his shoulder the hunter fired—by all the saints, a pretty fire! There was a crack instead of a report. The gun had been left too long with the percussion cap exposed against a tree in the damp woods, and it missed fire.

"Good night! Now we'll know what death looks like," thought the old man, and at the same moment off went his hat into the grass. The other had had luck as well, the rascal! The only cartridge in his gun lost, and he was just on the point of putting in another out of his pocket when—

"Seize him!" cried Hopp hoarsely to his dog. "Seize him!" and—

"Come to me, here, Krambambuli," was heard from a kind, coaxing and, alas, well known voice.

And the dog!

What now happened, happened much more quickly than it takes to tell it. Krambambuli had recognized his first master and was running toward him. When he was half way to him, Hopp whistled, and the dog turned round; the "Yellow One" whistled and the dog stopped again, writhing in despair midway between the hunter and the poacher, longing to go and yet banished from both.

At last the poor animal gave up the pitiful, useless fight and put an end to his indecision, but not to his torment. Barking, howling, his stomach flat on the ground, his body stretched out like one sinew, his head raised upward as if calling heaven to witness his agony of mind, he crept toward his first master.

This sight awakened a lust of blood in Hopp. With trembling fingers he put in a new cap and aimed calmly. The "Yellow One" also aimed at him again. Now the time was come! Each of them was covered by the other's gun, and knew it, but no matter what went on inside of them they fired as quietly as a couple of painted marksman.

Two balls flew on, the hunter's to its goal, the poacher's—in the air. His hand had trembled because just as he fired the gun the dog had jumped upon him with a storm of caresses. "Beast!" he hissed, fell backward and moved no more.

His executioner stepped slowly forward. "You have enough," he thought.

"It were a pity to waste a single grain of shot more on you." Nevertheless he rested his gun on the ground and loaded it with a bullet. The dog was sitting upright in front of him, his tongue hanging out, and he was panting quick and loud, his eyes fixed on his master. When the hunter was ready with his gun again in his hand, the two held a conversation, of which no witness could ever have heard a word, even though he had been a live one instead of the dead one.

"Dost know for whom this lead is meant?"

"I can imagine."

"Deserter, toady, faithless brute!"

"Yes, master; yes."

"Thou wast thy joy; now all is over. I have no pleasure in thee."

"I understand, master," and Krambambuli lay down, resting his head on his outstretched forepaws and gazed at his master.

If the cursed animal had only not looked at him, there would have been a quick ending that would have saved himself and the dog much sorrow, but it could not be. One doesn't shoot a creature that looks at one in that manner. Herr Hopp muttered numberless curses between his teeth, each one more blasphemous than the last, and hanging his gun over his shoulder once more, he went off, taking with him the two young rabbits from the poacher.

The dog followed him with his eyes until he had disappeared through the trees; then he rose, and his howl, penetrating to the very marrow, echoed throughout the forest. He turned round in a circle several times and then sat down beside the dead. When night was sinking, he was found there by the judicial commission, which, led by Hopp, came to view the corpse and carry it off. Krambambuli shrank back a step or two when they came near. One of them said to the ranger:

"There's your dog."

"I left him here on guard," answered Hopp, who was ashamed to tell the truth. But what good did it do? The truth came out, for, when the body was placed on the wagon and carried away, Krambambuli trotted behind, his head hanging and his tail between his legs. The next day the constable saw him creeping around the room in which the "Yellow One" lay. He gave him a kick and told him to go home. Krambambuli showed his teeth, but ran away, as the man thought, in the direction of the hunter's house. He did not go there, however, but led a miserable vagabond life.

Grown savage and thin as a skeleton, he crept one time up to the poor dwelling of a cottager at the end of the village. He sprang suddenly upon a child who stood in front of the last hut, and seized greedily a piece of bread that it was eating. The child stood still from fear, but a little Spitz ran out of the house and barked at the robber, who at once let fall his booty and ran. The same evening, before going to bed, Hopp stood at the window looking out into the bright summer night. He thought he saw the dog sitting at the edge of the wood on the other side of the meadow, looking fixedly and longingly at the spot of his past happiness—the truest of the true, an outlaw!

The hunter closed the shutter and went to bed, but after awhile he rose and went to the window again. The dog was no longer there. Once more he wanted to go back to bed, but he could not rest. He could stand it no longer. Let it be as it might, he could not do without the dog. "I'll bring him home," he thought, and felt a new man after this decision.

He was dressed at the first break of day, told his wife not to wait breakfast for him, and hurried off. As he stepped out of the house his foot hit against the one he was about to seek afar off. Krambambuli lay dead before him, his head pressed to the threshold which he no longer dared pass.

The district ranger never got over his loss. His brightest moments were those in which he forgot that the dog was no more. Sunk in happy thoughts he would hum his famous, "What is my Krambambuli—" but stopping in the middle of the word, he would shake his head and, sighing deeply, would say:

"It's a pity about the dog."—From the German For Short Stories.

## Testing Coal by X Rays.

The method of testing coal by X rays is being employed by many manufacturers, who state that it makes a considerable difference in their fuel bills.

It is found that by turning the rays on to the coal they can tell how much of it will remain as ashes after it has been burned and how much will escape as gas. This is manifestly of the first importance to all users of steam power.

The lowest priced coal is not necessarily the cheapest. The percentage of ash is one of the best indications of the steam making qualities of coal. A coal which leaves a large amount of ash has of course a relatively small amount of combustible constituents, and vice versa.

The shadow produced upon the fluoroscope by a piece of coal of a given size and thickness is apparently dependent for its relative density upon the amount of ash producing material in the piece of coal.

A number of samples of uniform thickness of various kinds of coal having known percentages of ash are prepared. The density of the shadow cast by these in the fluoroscope is compared with that of the coal to be tested, and the quantity of ash per ton in the sample under consideration is immediately shown with considerable accuracy.—London Standard.

## An Anecdote of Lincoln.

At one period during the rebellion there were no less than 74 major generals and 276 brigadiers on the rolls, which was far more than there was any use for. President Lincoln recognized this mistake before anybody else, but he consoled himself by joking about it. It is recalled that on one occasion, when one of these superfluous generals was captured by the enemy, with a number of men and horses, somebody undertook to console with the president on the subject, remarking that the loss of the captured general's service was a great misfortune to the government. "Pooh," replied Lincoln, "it's the horses I'm thinking about. I can make another brigadier general in two minutes, but horses are scarce and cost \$200 apiece."—Kansas City Journal.

It is calculated that if the children under the care of the London school board were to join hands they would reach from London to Carlisle, a distance of 300 miles.

A clock in St. Petersburg has 95 faces, indicating simultaneously the time at 30 different spots on the earth's surface, besides the movements of the earth and planets.

## WHEN OLD AGE COMES

The Greatest Enemy to Long Life Is Self-Indulgence—Why People of Advanced Age Should Eat Sparingly and Drink More Freely.

Some men are 20 years younger physically and mentally than others are at the same age. It is self evident that old age does not begin at any set time, so far as the divisions of time divide the periods of life, but that it has to do with that subtle agent known as the vital force, an acquaintance with which enables the analytical mind to become proficient in prognosis by weighing in the balance the vitality on the one side with the pathology on the other.

The indication of old age may be noticed by ocular inspection. The figure stoops, the walk is less elastic, the rounded figure gives place to the spare habit of body, the wrinkle of time mounts the cheek, while the frost of many winters mantles the brow. The typical healthy person who attains old age is spare of body, and old age emphasizes this fact by causing a paucity of adipose tissue. So the wrinkle of time, after all, is kindly in nature.

Physiologically we notice that a diminution of the physical energy is accompanied by a corresponding diminution of the power to eliminate waste material from the body. Elasticity and strength give place to hardness and brittleness of nearly all the tissues of the body. The general health may be good, because there is a harmonious balance between the action of the nervous system and the circulatory system.

However, the former is less responsive to external stimulation, and the latter is less vigorous in old age. The vital processes conducted by the circulation, respiration and metabolic changes in the tissues are less active. There are diminished adaptability of the whole system to changes in the environment and less ability to meet the requirements of emergencies, such as sudden demands of muscular and mental strain.

The senile conditions and diseases are numerous and obvious—in the first place, weakened digestion and assimilation. The weakened vigor of the circulation and glandular system necessarily weakens the power of eliminating the excrementitious substances, which gives rise to pernicious nutrition, and that in turn is the cause of the tendency to develop malignant or benign growths in different parts of the body in old age.

The strong tendency to overeat and underdrink, together with the natural decline of functional power, gives rise to a condition of lithemia, which is the prime cause of the majority of deaths in old age. In the healthy state that great glandular furnace and chemical laboratory, the liver, is capable of transforming an excess of nitrogenous matter, which may result from metabolism of tissue or exist in the food consumed, into the highly soluble excrementitious substance known as urea. This excrement is eliminated from the blood mainly by the kidneys and to a much less extent by the skin.

Now, in old age, with the functional power and natural vitality on the wane, together with the strong tendency to overeat this function of the liver, we find this waste is not converted into urea, but into uric or lithic acid, a comparatively insoluble excrementitious and toxic substance, which if it appears in the blood in sufficient quantity and is long enough continued in circulation through the urinary tubules sets up irritation and inflammation, which inevitably impair the function of the renal epithelium, and we find this poisonous substance is not eliminated from the system, but accumulates in the blood.

This explains why old people are almost universally troubled with disease of the liver, kidneys, bladder and prostate gland. The unstable circulation, atheromatous changes and brittleness of the walls of the blood vessels, with the tendency to overtax the digestive apparatus, are the cause of many old people going to "that bourne from which no traveler returns" by the apoplectic route.

Hereditary diseases naturally manifest themselves when the vitality is below a certain level, so we are not surprised to find certain dyscrasic and latent tendencies manifesting themselves at this period of life, when the natural vitality is waning. The diseases most frequently found to be the cause of dissolution among the aged are pneumonia, diseases of the liver and urinary organs, consumption, cancer, apoplexy and gangrene.

The enemy to longevity, the author continues, is self indulgence. People who have reached an advanced age may prolong their lives and greatly add to the comfort of their declining years by diminishing the quantity of food ingested, thereby avoiding too large a residue of waste matter either in the intestinal canal or in the form of excrementitious matter in the blood.—Journal of American Medical Association.

## Well Fed Fighters.

Says the London Chronicle: "Admiral Dewey's interruption of the battle of Manila bay to give his crews the opportunity of breaking their fast recalls our own 'glorious 1st of June,' when Earl Howe, before he gave the French such a hammering off Ushant, gave to his men before attacking to permit of his men fortifying themselves for the coming fight with a good meal—a pause which caused much conjecture in the minds of the astonished French. It has ever been the Anglo-Saxon way to fight, if possible, on a full stomach. Wellington once said that if ever he wanted an Irish or a Scotch regiment to reach a particular point by a certain hour all he had to do was to promise the former a drink on getting to its destination, the latter its pay, but that the corresponding bait to an English battalion was a good dinner of roast beef."

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## Heroism of the Fishermen.

It is always with a vague regret that we read the sagas, and are thrilled by the viking's exploits. It seems as if the deeds of daring had gone by forever, and as if the heroes of the deep were a myth of the past. Absorbed in the Norse romance, we forget that the vikings were only pirates, and that they dared for slaughter and for booty. If the Gloucester of today had only existed then, what heroic saga would it not have inspired! For to risk life for glory or riches or rescue or love is in the heart of every man to do, but to risk life for a bare existence, for other people's profit and for an anonymous and partakes of that commonplace sublimity which does not form the favorite plot of poets, although once in awhile it is the subject of a daily paragraph.

For the vikings are not dead. From Portland to New Orleans, our harbors are full of them. They lounge upon our wharfs, and we do not recognize them. They loiter on our streets, and we know them not. But if there is a more modest, unconscious, or braver fellow than Jack the Fisherman, our eyes have yet to rest upon his face. He is the hardest and most daring, the best sailor in the world today. Any continental kingdom would give its wealth to possess him for its defense. He is the envy of every maritime nation. Has he no value for us, beyond the halibut and the cod, the haddock and the cusk?—Herbert D. Ward in Century.

## The Debut of the Bowie Knife.

To the public mind duels were really a necessity. The man who would not fight "at the drop of a hat and drop it himself," was soon made to feel that he had very much better not have been born.

There were progressive duels, too, from which the popular mind no more revolted than it does in this era from progressive whist or euchre. It was one of them which gave Bowie and his knife to fame. In some way there had come to be bad blood, black and bitter, between him and a certain Colonel Norris Wright. After long bickering, it was agreed to meet upon the levee opposite Natchez, Miss., each with half a dozen friends, duly armed, and there shoot the matter out. There were a dozen on each side when it came to fighting. The battle was arranged to begin with throes, the rest standing by, and coming in only when those of the first fight were dead or disabled. But they had miscalculated their own self control. After the first fire there was a general melee—the reserves to a man gripped pistols hard, drew knife belts to a handy clutch and went into the combat to do or die.—Martha McCulloch-Williams in Harper's Magazine.

## The Climate of the Philippines.

In regard to the climate which a foreigner encounters it is easy to exaggerate its discomforts. Although it is tropical, still even in summer the climate may be called healthy. From December to March there are warm days, with cool nights and little rain. During March, April and May the days are hot, dry and dusty, while the thermometer rises to 96 degrees at noon, but the nights are not uncomfortable. In the latter part of May and of June there are thunderstorms every afternoon with a tremendous downpour of rain. The greatest heat occurs in these months, the thermometer rising frequently to 105 degrees in the shade. July, August and September are the months of the great typhoons, and while Manila escapes the greatest fury of these still enough of their force remains to demolish many houses. During October and November storms lessen in frequency and severity, and the weather gradually settles into the fine days of December.—Isaac M. Elliott in Scribner's.

## His Only Opportunity.

"Hattie," said the clerk at the blanket counter in the department store, speaking rapidly and in an undertone, "just a moment. Will you—what is it, sir? Harness department? Six aisles down—Hattie, do you think you could—furniture, madam? Third floor. Take the elevator—Hattie, I'd like to know—handkerchiefs, ma'am? Third counter to your right. Blankets, sir? Right here. Wait on you in a moment—Hattie, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Tom," whispered the girl at the notion counter, still tapping with her pencil on the showcase. "Ca-a-a-a-a-sh!"—Chicago Tribune.

## Ikes, No End.

Up at New Haven, W. Va., there are so many people named Isaac Roush that to avoid confusion they are thus designated:

Big Ike, Gentleman Ike, Spectacle Ike, Ike on the Hill, Ike in the Hollow, Rosa's Ike, Little Ike, Soldier Ike, Lazy Ike, Thirteenth Virginia Ike, Fifer Ike, Aunt Cassy's Ike, Drummer Ike, Fourth Virginia Ike, Hartford Ike, Dam It Ike, Kanawha Ike, Sally's Ike, Hellikly Ike, Trotter Ike, Fiddler Ike, Ten Mile Ike, Mart's Ike and Aunt Betsy's Ike.—Gallopis Tribune.

## His Distinction.

The following is said to have occurred to a distinguished but modest divine who had undertaken the duty of a brother clergyman at a cathedral church. "I am come," said he, addressing the silk gowned verger. "to take Canon Blank's place this morning."

"Pray, sir," replied the official pompously, "are you the 'man' who is to read the prayers or the 'gentleman' who is to deliver the sermon?"—Household Words.

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